AN

ODE

ON

Saint CÆCILIA's Day,

Adapted to

The Ancient *BRITISH* Muſick.

The Ancient BRITISH Music.

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Adapted to

The Ancient *BRITISH* Muſick.

As it was performed

On the Twenty-ſecond of *November*.

Cedite, Tibicines Itali, vos cedite, Galli;
Dico iterum vobis, cedite, Tibicines.
Cedite, Tibicines, vobis ter dico; quaterque
Jam vobis dico, cedite, Tibicines.

Alex. Heinſius.

LONDON,

Printed for J. and J. RIVINGTON, in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and C. CORBET, in *Fleet-Street*. MDCCXLIX.

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ODE

ON

Saint CÆCILIA's Day,

Adapted to

The Ancient BRITISH Mulick.

As it was performed

On the Twenty-fecond of November.

Credit, Tibicines Itali, vos credite, Galli;
Dico iterum vobis, credite, Tibicines.
Credite, Tibicines, vobis hæc dico; quæque
Jam vobis dico, credite, Tibicines.

Alex. Heinfius.

LONDON,

Printed for J. and J. Rivington, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and
G. Coarter, in Fleet-ſtreet. MDCCXLIX.

PREFACE.

MY *very singular Modesty* would never have permitted me to make the following *Ode* publick, had I not at length been overcome by the repeated Sollicitations of the *Society*, wherein it was performed.

It may perhaps be expected, that I should give some Account of the *Musical Instruments* herein mentioned. The JUDAIC, or (as it is commonly called) JEWS HARP, speaks its *Origin* in its *Appellation*. And I cannot help thinking, that this was the Harp which *David* used, as the Sound of the *Hebrew* Language seems particularly adapted

dapted to this Inſtrument. I would therefore adviſe all *Painters*, *Engravers*, &c. not to repreſent the Royal Pſalmiſt with that *many-ſtringed* Welch *Harp* in his *Hand*, as they have hitherto done, but to place a *Mono-chord Lyre* in his *Mouth*, ſuch as was uſed by the *Jews* in his Time, and from them tranſmitted down to *us*. I am ſorry I can give no certain Account of thoſe two incomparable Inſtruments, the SALT-BOX and the HUM-STRUM or BLADDER and STRING; tho' 'tis reaſonable to conclude, that the *firſt* was uſually performed on at *Feſtivals*, and the *other* on more *ſerious* Occaſions. The MARROW BONES and CLEAVERS is undoubtedly *our own* Invention, and does Honour to the *Britiſh* Nation. This was originally made uſe of in our *Wars*;

Wars; when our brave Anceſtors ruſh'd on their Enemies, (like the ancient *Gauls*) claſhing their Weapons, and ready to *knock* or *cleave* them down with thoſe very Inſtruments, on which they could *beat* ſo terrible an *Alarm*. Indeed ſince the pernicious Introduction of *Fire-Arms*, the MARROW BONES and CLEAVERS have quitted the Scenes of *human* Slaughter, and now are confined to the *Shambles*. But conſidering the *Degeneracy* of the preſent Age, we might not perhaps, from the *ſmall* Quantity of *Old Engliſh Beef* now conſumed, be able to arm a ſufficient Number with that *muſical* and *warlike* Weapon, a MARROW BONE.

If this *Ode* contributes in the leaſt to leſſen our *falſe Taſte* in admiring

that *foreign* Muſick now ſo much in Vogue, and to recall the *ancient Britiſh Spirit*, together with the *ancient Britiſh Harmony*, I ſhall not think the *Pains* I employed in the Compoſition entirely *flung away* on my *Countrymen*.

This Ode, I am ſenſible, is not without *Faults*; tho' I cannot help thinking it far ſuperior to the Odes of *Johnny Dryden*, *Jemmy Addiſon*, *Sawney Pope*, *Nick Rowe*, little *Kit Smart*, &c. &c. &c. or of any that *have* written or *ſhall* write on SAINT CÆCILIA's Day.

FUSTIAN SACKBUT.

I have ſtrictly adher'd to the Rule of making *the Sound echo to the Senſe*.

AN
ODE
On Saint CÆCILIA's Day.

CHORUS.

BE dumb, be dumb, ye inharmonious Sounds,
And Muſick, that th' aſtoniſh'd Ear with Diſcord wounds:
No more let vulgar Rhymes profane the Day,
Grac'd with divine CÆCILIA's Name;
Let ſolemn Hymns this awful Feaſt proclaim,
And heav'nly Notes conſpire to raiſe the heav'nly Lay.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

The viler Melody we ſcorn,
Which meaner Inſtruments afford;
Shrill *Flute*, ſharp *Fiddle*, bellowing *Horn*,
Rumbling *Baſſoon*, or tinkling *Harpſichord*.

AIR.

In Strains more exalted the SALT Box ſhall join,
And Clattering, and Battering, and Clapping combine.
With a Rap and a Tap while the hollow Side founds,
Up and down leaps the Flap, and with Rattling rebounds.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Strike, ſtrike the ſoft JUDAIC HARP,
By Teeth coercive in firm Durance kept,
And lightly by the volant Finger ſwept.

AIR.

Buzzing twangs the Iron Lyre,
Shrilly thrilling,
Trembling, trilling,
Whizzing with the wav'ring Wire.

AIR.

Hark, how the banging MARROW BONES
Make clanging CLEAVERS ring,

With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
Raiſe your uplifted Arms on high;
In long-prolonged Tones
Let CLEAVERS ſound
A merry merry Round
By banging MARROW BONES.

CHORUS.

Raiſe your uplifted Arms on high;
In long-prolonged Tones
Let CLEAVERS ſound
A merry merry Round
By banging MARROW BONES.

RECITATIVE.

Ceaſe, lighter Numbers: Hither bring
The undulating STRING
Stretch'd out, and to the tumid BLADDER
In Amity harmonious bound;
Then deeper ſwell the Notes and ſadder,
And let the hoarſe Baſe ſlowly ſolemn ſound.

AIR.

With dead, dull, doleful, heavy Hums,
With diſmal Moans,
And mournful Groans,
The ſober * HURDY GURDY thrums.

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* By ſome called a HUM-STRUM.

RECITATIVE.

With Magick Sounds, like theſe, did ORPHEUS' Lyre
Motion, Senſe, and Life inſpire;
When, as he play'd, the liſt'ning Flood
Still'd its loquacious Waves, and ſilent ſtood;
The Trees ſwift-bounding danc'd with looſen'd Stumps,
And ſluggiſh Stones caper'd in active Jumps.

AIR.

Each ruddy-breaſted Robin
The Concert bore a Bob in,
And ev'ry hooting Owl around;

The

The croaking Frogs,
The grunting Hogs,
All, all conſpire to join the ecchoing Sound.
Grand CHORUS.

Now to CÆCILIA, heav'nly Maid,
Your loud united Voices raiſe:
With ſolemn Joy to celebrate her Praiſe,
Each Inſtrument ſhall lend its Aid.
The SALT BOX with Clattering and Clapping
ſhall ſound,
The IRON LYRE
Buzzing twang with wav'ring Wire,
With heavy Hum
The HURDY GURDY ſadly thrum,
And the merry merry MARROW BONES ring
round.

Such matchleſs Strains CÆCILIA knew,
When Angels from their heav'nly Sphere
By Harmony's ſtrong Pow'r ſhe drew,
Whilſt ev'ry Spirit above would gladly ſtoop
to hear.

FINIS.